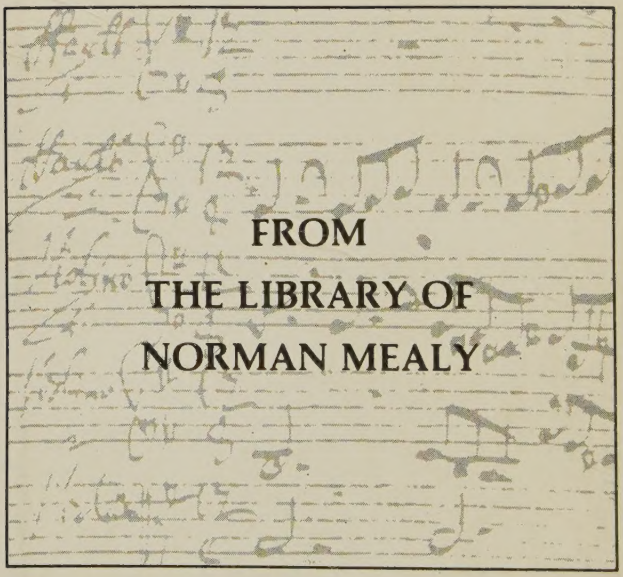
SONGS OF PRAISE FOR DAY SCHOOLS


FROM
THE LIBRARY OF
NORMAN MEALY

SONGS OF PRAISE FOR DAY SCHOOLS

SONGS OF PRAISE FOR DAY SCHOOLS

A Selection of Hymns from 'Songs of Praise' with a few additions

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
1927

Printed in Great Britain

FOREWORD

THERE is, in these days, a new desire for worship and a new seeking after fuller means of expressing it. This desire ought to be met by architects, by musicians, by preachers, by all those who have the care of Churches and the ordering of their services, and, not least, in our Schools. Boys and girls are particularly susceptible to the influence of Beauty in material surroundings, in words, in tunes, and in all that seems at once to stimulate and to satisfy human response to the call of the Highest. But they are merciless exposers of unreality. If a hymn asserts what they cannot believe or appeals to a mood they cannot even begin to share, they will, the tune pleasing them, sing it, but with a silent protest which distorts their spiritual outlook and mars their worship. So, also, there are tunes which, apart from their intrinsic merit or otherwise, are spoiled by their words; they do not carry the more active, less weakly sentimental, more truly reverent expression of mind and spirit towards God for which our age is seeking.

I believe this selection has been made, not to satisfy an artificial standard of 'correct' taste, but to take this seeking at its best and to meet it. The hymns are not chosen for the purpose of doctrinal teaching (that is not the function of a hymn) but to give young people a channel for true expression of their best thoughts towards God. It seems to me that this compilation fulfils its aim.

ALBERT LIVERPOOL.

PREFACE

THE complete *Songs of Praise*, a collection of some 450 hymns from which the numbers in this book are, with few exceptions, taken, was published in 1927. It was, and is, intended to be national, in the sense of including a full expression of that faith which is common to the English-speaking peoples to-day, both in the British Commonwealth and in the United States, to which latter country we owe so many of the best nineteenth-century hymns.

The hymn-books of the present century, notably the *English Hymnal*, have shown that the present generation desires to enter into the heritage of noble religious verse which is ours. That heritage is ours by right of the great poetry in which the English tongue is supreme, by right also of the magnificent prose which since Coverdale and Cranmer has formed the substance of our Christian worship, though it was never adequately matched by the hymns in common use. Our English hymns, indeed, few of which are earlier than Dr. Watts and most of which were the product of the Victorian era, have not been altogether worthy of the English Bible and the English Prayer Book; and the bulk of the tunes to which they were sung illustrated a period of British music which the musicians of to-day are anxious to forget, and which, fortunately for our reputation, has been superseded by a national

revival that has now given our music a foremost place in Europe again. It is therefore a hopeful sign that all our recent hymnals have shown courage in replacing many weak and poor hymns, by words and music more worthy of our great traditions and more suitable to be used in the worship of God.

Songs of Praise for Day Schools attempts to secure to the Day Schools such advantages of the large book as are likely to be of value to them; and it adds biographical notices of writers and composers which the larger work does not contain.

This selection of hymns and tunes from *Songs of Praise* has been made by Mr. EDWARD B. POWLEY of Merchant Taylors' School, Great Crosby, who also is responsible for the few additions made, for the biographical notes, and for the arrangement of the contents with reference to the School Year. To him the Editors and Publisher wish to give their very special and hearty thanks.

PERCY DEARMER.
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.
MARTIN SHAW.

1927.

The Publisher's thanks are due to the following authors and copyright owners for permission to include their hymns, viz.: Mr. Clifford Bax (7); Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer (13, 33, 34, 63, 65); English Hymnal Committee (39, 42, 50); Mr. Frank Fletcher (56); Mr. William Galbraith (35); Mrs. W. G. Gannett (57); Rev. Dr. F. L. Hosmer (37, 47); Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. (11); the Head Master of Loughborough Grammar School and the Head Mistress of Loughborough High School (3); Mr. Rudyard Kipling (74 from the *Five Nations*, published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd. and 75 from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.); Dr. Greville MacDonald (28); Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (9, 23, 31); Mr. John Murray (19, 44); Rev. W. Charter Piggott (17); Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Mr. Thomas Bird Mosher (73).

The copyright of No. 83 belongs to the Oxford University Press.

CONTENTS

I. Special Hymns

National Anthem.	No. 1
Beginning and End of Term.	„ 2
Founder's Day.	„ 3

II.	First Term of Year	Nos. 4–31
III.	Second Term of Year	„ 32–58
IV.	Third Term of Year	„ 59–86

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

In most Schools a few hymns are badly overworked. Here the hymns are arranged in such a manner as to provide for orderly rather than haphazard employ during the Three Terms of the School Year. Two hymns are allocated for each week, one well known, the other, it may be, less familiar but not, therefore, necessarily poorer in worth. On introducing this book, let the sympathy and aid of those who teach the Singing of the School be frankly enlisted. They will, no doubt, gladly co-operate to insure that, in the week preceding the use of an unfamiliar hymn, it is practised for a short space in the Singing lesson; thus the assembled School will find no insurmountable difficulty to face on the morning of introduction. And, the new hymn once learned, succeeding generations of scholars will hand on the heritage.

Attention is drawn to a note in the music edition of 'Songs of Praise'. "*It is the custom in English Churches to sing Chorales and the older tunes much too fast.*" What is true of the Churches is true also of many Schools. Indeed, it is in the fast-singing Schools that the pernicious practice begins. The last syllable of every separate word matters no less in song than in spoken English. A pace which makes reasonable articulation impossible tends not only to rob the words of a hymn of their meaning but to destroy altogether that measure of contemplation which is essential to the rhythm and worship of song. The merely facile speed of juniors should be discouraged. The Staff and all the Scholars, old and young, should be given the chance to participate in the morning hymn.

In all cases a number in square brackets refers to the number of the tune in the music edition; and the tune first referred to in the biographical note is recommended.

I

SPECIAL HYMNS

(1–3)

The National Anthem.
Beginning and End of Term.
Founder's Day.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

(Peace Version 1919)

I [187]

"1745 . . . is the earliest date assignable to the substantial National Anthem as we know it . . . both words and music had been evolved out of earlier forms." So says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; and it is impossible to go with safety beyond that statement to mention names. Stanzas 2 and 3 are the Peace Version of 1919.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

2 One realm of races four,
Blest more and ever more,
God save our land!
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land!

3. Kinsfolk in love and birth
From utmost ends of earth,
God save us all!
Bid strife and hatred cease,
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace,
God save us all!

2 [405] *Assembly*

These words are by HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL (1803–71), who was born at Siddington, Gloucester, and educated at Rugby and Queen's College, Oxford. He took orders. For long he was a master at his old school. He wrote this hymn for use at Rugby. The tune *Grafton* is a French traditional melody.

LORD, behold us with thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In thy love and faith and fear:
Still protect us
By thy presence ever near.

2. For thy mercy we adore thee,
For this rest upon our way;
Lord, again we bow before thee,
Speed our labours day by day:
Mind and spirit
With thy choicest gifts array.

Dismissal

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that 's lost may all retrieve:
May thy children
Ne'er again thy Spirit grieve.

2. Let thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store:
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

3 [107]

Canon GEORGE WALLACE BRIGGS (1875–) was born at Kirkby, Notts., and educated at Loughborough Grammar School and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He is rector of Loughborough. This hymn was written for the Grammar School and the Girls' High School, Loughborough. The second stanza is altered for general use. Canon Briggs composed the tune, *Loughborough*. *Gosterwood* is an English traditional melody.

OUR Father, by whose servants
Our house was built of old,
Whose hand hath crowned her children
With blessings manifold,
For thine unfailing mercies
Far-strewn along our way,
With all who passed before us,
We praise thy name to-day.

2 The changeful years unresting
Their silent course have sped,
New comrades ever bringing
In comrades' steps to tread:
And some are long forgotten,
Long spent their hopes and fears;
Safe rest they in thy keeping,
Who changest not with years.

3 They reap not where they laboured,
We reap what they have sown;
Our harvest may be garnered
By ages yet unknown.
The days of old have dowered us
With gifts beyond all praise:
Our Father, make us faithful
To serve the coming days.

4. Before us and beside us,
Still holden in thine hand,
A cloud unseen of witness,
Our elder comrades stand :
One family unbroken,
We join, with one acclaim,
One heart, one voice uplifting,
To glorify thy name.

II

FIRST TERM OF YEAR

(4–31)

The hymns for this Term are arranged for thirteen even 'Monday-Saturday' weeks, with two extra Christmas hymns for use in a broken period after the last Saturday of Term. Nos. 14 and 26 are recommended for use during a broken period preceding the first Monday in Term. The hymns for the seventh and eighth week, q.v., may have to be taken out of order. If the Term be less than thirteen full weeks, the hymns for the eleventh or twelfth week can be omitted.

4 [10] *Wir pflügen und wir streuen*

The words, from a sketch by MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1740–1815), are translated from the German by Miss JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL (1817–78). The stirring tune is by JOHN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ (1747–1800), a baker's son, who, in spite of hardship, became Capellmeister to the King of Denmark.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain:

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread:

3. We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.

No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts :

5 [263]

Sir HENRY WOTTON (1568–1639) was born at Boughton Malherbe, Kent, and educated at Winchester and New and Queen's Colleges, Oxford. He is well-known as a diplomatist and man of letters who held, at his death, the Provostship of Eton. These stanzas, selected from his *Character of a Happy Life*, are sung to a Welsh hymn melody *Llangollen*.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend ;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

4. This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.

6 [286]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801–90) was born in London and educated privately and at Trinity College, Oxford. He entered the Anglican Church, became a leader of the 'Oxford Movement' and resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, prior to accepting Roman Catholic orders. He died a Cardinal. This hymn was written in 1833, in an orange-boat sailing from Palermo to Marseilles ten years before he resigned St. Mary's. Of the tunes here given *Lux Benigna* by the Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–76), who was born at Hull and educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, is an example of a style well known through Dykes' many tunes in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. *Gorran* is by Mr. RONALD DUSSEK (1891-), a descendant of J. L. Dussek. He was born in London and is a musician of repute.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

7 [197]

Mr. CLIFFORD BAX (1886–) was born in London and educated privately. He is a dramatist. These words were written to fit the melody *Old 124th* from the *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

TURN back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim—
'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.'

2 Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic Empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would Man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

3. Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
'Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one!'

8 [282]

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748), the author of this hymn, was born at Southampton and was taught at the Grammar School there. On religious grounds he refused the offer of University education. He became an Independent minister in London. Edinburgh gave him its D.D. and in the Abbey is a monument. Many would consider Watts the greatest of our hymn-writers. The vigorous tune is derived from *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

9 [389] *Magnificat*

Mr. THOMAS HARDY (1840–), of Dorset, was educated in London. He turned from architecture to novel-writing and from that to poetry and drama. He ranks in the van of living men of letters. These words are from the ' Semichorus of Pities ' in *The Dynasts*. The tune *Deo Gracias* is a fifteenth-century English melody, written for a thanksgiving hymn after the Battle of Agincourt.

TO thee whose eye all nature owns,
Who hurlest dynasts from their thrones,*
And liftest those of low estate
We sing, with her men consecrate !

2 Yea, Great and Good, thee, thee, we hail,
Who shak'st the strong, who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in thee !

3 Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why suffering sobs to thee in vain ;

4 We hold that thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

5 Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges us by wounds to heal.

6 The systemed suns the skies enscroll
Obey thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at thy command,
Are darkened by thy masterhand !

* καθεῖλε ΔΥΝΑΣΑΣ ἀπὸ θρόνων—*Magnificat.*

7 And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,
All shall fulfil their joy in thee,
In thee abide eternally !

8. Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through whom all living live,
The Alone, in whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify !

FOURTH WEEK

10 [278] *Jesu, dulcis memoria*

Taken from ' The Joyful (or Jubilee) Rhythm ' of the great ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091–1153), translated by EDWARD CASWALL (1814–78), who was born at Yateley, Hants, and educated at Marlborough and Brasenose College, Oxford. An Anglican, he went over to Rome. There are several available tunes. *Martyrdom* [205] is possibly an old Scottish melody. It is taken from *Sacred Music* by ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH (1780–1829).

* JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

* 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

* 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art !
How good to those who seek !

* 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus ! what it is
None but his loved ones know.

* 5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

PART 2.

6 O Jesu, King most wonderful,
Thou conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !

7 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

8 O Jesu ! Light of all below !
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire :

9 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore ;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

10 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

PART 3.

* 11 O Jesu, thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

* 12 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat thee hunger still;
Who drink of thee still feel a void,
Which nought but thou can fill.

* 13. Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

* It will probably be convenient to sing only Pt. 2.

11 [226]

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–92) was born at Haverhill (Mass.). He began life as a farm-boy and shoemaker and became a successful writer. He was a Quaker. The tune *Regina*, used with these verses is adapted from a traditional melody.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love !

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5. Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

FIFTH WEEK

12 [397]

These words by ISAAC WATTS (v. No. 8) are given the tune *Rockingham*, an adaptation by EDWARD MILLER (1731–1807), a Norwich boy, who ran away from home and became an organist at Doncaster. The fa-burden is by Mr. GEOFFREY TURTON SHAW (1880–) a native of London, educated at Derby School and Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He is a composer and one of H.M. Inspectors of Music in Schools.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

13 [419]

The words are by Dr. PERCY DEARMER (1867–) who, born in London and educated at Westminster, as well as abroad and at Christ Church, Oxford, now occupies the chair of Ecclesiastical Art at King's College, University of London. He is one of the editors of this book. The music is a Welsh melody, *Crugy-bar*, harmonized by Dr. DAVID EVANS (1874–), who was educated at University College, Cardiff, and is now Professor of Music in the University College of South Wales and Merionethshire.

O SING to the Lord in his greatness,
Give praise, for our praise is our love ;
His energy worketh in all things,
His providence watcheth above :
The arms everlasting are round us,
From sorrow and pain to release ;
For God is our refuge eternal,
Our haven and heaven of peace.

2. Thou infinite Joy and Resplendence,
Thou centre of wisdom and might,
Unfathomed thou art and unbounded—
We lift up our hearts to thy height:
Forgetting our fears we look upward,
Thy love shall all phantoms dispel;
For, lo, thou art love and love only,
And in thy fulfilment we dwell.

SIXTH WEEK

14 [337]

Based on the 104th Psalm, these words, slightly altered, are by Sir ROBERT GRANT (1779–1838). He was born in India but completed his education at Magdalene College, Cambridge. A parliamentary career led to his appointment as Governor of Bombay. The tune *Hanover* is probably by WILLIAM CROFT (1677–1727), born at Nether Eatington, Warwickshire, and sometime organist at the Abbey.

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love:
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old :
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !—
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !

6. O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

15 [166]

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH (1818–71) was born at Dunmow and educated in London, where he became an Independent minister, much attacked for supposed pantheistic tendencies. His words are sung to the tune *Arabia* [Appendix No. 1]. It is attributed to W. WILSON (1833).

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord;
But train me for thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

2 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases, when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

3. Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

16 [110] (*All Saints' Day, Nov. 1st*)

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (1823–97) was born at Shrewsbury, and educated at Shrewsbury and Wadham College, Oxford. He died bishop of Wakefield. His words are set to the tune *Sine Nomine* by Dr. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872–), educated at Cheltenham and Trinity College, Cambridge, and well known as a composer. He is a joint editor of this book.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest :
Alleluya !

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light :

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold :

4 O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine :

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong :

6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest :

7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array :
The King of glory passes on his way :

8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father ; Son and Holy Ghost :

17 [159] *Commemoration*

These words are by the Rev. WILLIAM CHARTER PIGGOTT (1872–), born at Leighton Buzzard and educated for the Wesleyan Ministry. He is now a prominent London Congregationalist. The tune is derived from J. MEYER'S *Seelenfreud* 1692.

FOR those we love within the veil,
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank thee, Lord ; for they have won
To cloudless day ;

2 And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's straight race ;
And where no shadows intervene
They see thy face.

3 Not as we knew them any more,
Toilworn, and sad with burdened care,—
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy name they bear.

4 Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy,
They serve thee still.

5 O fuller, sweeter is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air.
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there;

6 Nor know to what high purpose thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at thy behest they touch
This life of ours.

7. There are no tears within their eyes;
With love they keep perpetual tryst;
And praise and work and rest are one
With thee, O Christ.

EIGHTH WEEK

18 [204] (*Armistice Day, Nov. 11th*)

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827) was born in London. "All things exist in the human imagination alone" was the favourite tenet of this great poet and artist, whose lines from *Milton* are now so well known to the setting by Sir CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY (1848–1918). Parry was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was sometime Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

2. Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !
I will not cease from mental fight,*
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

* By ' mental fight ' Blake means ' creative imagination ' not merely ' thinking '.

19 [188] *The Two Fatherlands*

Sir CECIL SPRING-RICE (1859–1918) was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and concluded a distinguished diplomatic career as ambassador to the U.S.A. These words find musical expression in a setting by Mr. GUSTAV HOLST (1874–), who was born at Cheltenham, educated at the Grammar school there and at the Royal College of Music. He stands in the front rank of living composers.

I VOW to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question : the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

2. And there 's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies : we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

NINTH WEEK

20 [201]

EDWARD PERRONET (1721–92), the extremist Methodist son of Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, and Methodist, was the author of this hymn ; but it has frequently been altered. The tune *Miles Lane* was composed for it by WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE (1760–1806), a Canterbury blacksmith's son, organist at Bangor Cathedral till dismissed for dissent.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name ;
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call ;
Praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4* Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

5* Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Let every tribe and every tongue
To him their hearts enthral,
Lift high the universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

21 [179] *Day of the Lord*

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–75), the author of these lines, was born at Holne, Devonshire, and educated at Helston Grammar School, at King's College, London, and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. With F. D. Maurice he led the Christian Socialist Movement. He opposed Newman. His poems and novels are well known. The tune is a slightly adapted traditional Irish Air.

THE day of the Lord is at hand, at hand:
Its storms roll up the sky:
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh;
The night is darkest before the morn;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day of the Lord at hand.

2 Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Freedom and mercy and truth;
Come! for the earth is grown coward and old,
Come down, and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring, and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

3 Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and plague, and war;
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare!
Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave,
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

4. Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

TENTH WEEK

22 [446]

This famous hymn is based on AUGUSTINE (354–430), bishop of Hippo and saint of the Church, and PIETRO DAMIANO (11th century), cardinal. It is taken from a MS. in the British Museum, 'The hymn of *F.B.P.*', belonging to the end of Elizabeth's reign. The tune *Jackson* is by THOMAS JACKSON (1715–81), organist in Newark-on-Trent. *St. Austin* is a traditional English melody.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the Saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

4 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There every soul shines as the sun ;
There God himself gives light.

5 There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

6 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay may be !

(*Verses 7–11 can be sung as a separate hymn.*)

7 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl ;
Exceeding rich and rare ;

8 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine ;

9 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear ;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there !

10 Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean,
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

11 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

PART 2

(*If sung separately, may begin with ver. 1*)

12 Thy Saints are crowned with glory great ;
They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still rejoice :
Most happy is their case.

13 We that are here in banishment,
Continually do mourn ;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

14 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

15 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

16 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare ;

17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

18 There 's nectar and ambrosia made,
There 's musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden under feet.

19 There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound ;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joys that there are found !

(*This Part may conclude with ver. 26.*)

Part 3

(*If sung separately, may begin with ver. 1*)

20 Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

21 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing ;

22 There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir :
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

23 Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

24 Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like ;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.

25 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessèd saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

26. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see !

The spelling is of course modernized.

23 [196]

FREDERICK TENNYSON (1807–98) was born at Louth and educated at Eton (captain of the School) and Trinity College, Cambridge. His work has naturally been overshadowed by that of his elder brother Alfred Tennyson. These lines are set to a tune *Downshire Hill* by Mr. MARTIN SHAW (1875–), who, born in London and educated at the Royal College of Music, is well known in the musical world. He is a joint editor of this book.

THE night is ended and the morning nears,
Awake, look up, I hear the gathering sound
Of coming cycles, like an ocean round,
I see the glory of a thousand years
Lightening from bound to bound.

2 The hour is come again ; the world-wide voice
Of God shall cry into the ears of time,
Scorners shall seek, and saints shall welcome him,
And know the ancient presence and rejoice,
As in the days of prime.

3 And they that dwelt apart shall know each other,
And they that hymn their solemn songs alone,
Shall hear far voices mingling with their own,
And understand the utterance of a brother
In every tongue and tone.

4. That note shall soar from every living heart,
That endless note shall never die away.
God, only God, to-day as yesterday,
Thou wert from everlasting, and thou art
For ever and for ay !

24 [250] ELEVENTH WEEK

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702–51) was born in London and privately educated. He refused, on conscientious grounds, the offer of a University education, made by the Duchess of Bedford, and became an Independent minister. He did his best work at Market Harborough and Northampton. He received the D.D. of Aberdeen. These words of his are set to *Bristol*, a melody taken from the *Psalter* of THOMAS RAVENSCROFT (*c.* 1582–*c.* 1630 or 5), a Cambridge music graduate and foremost English composer.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

25 [376]

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–89) was born in London, educated privately and at University College, London. He is one of the great Victorian poets, rugged and involved in style, optimistic in outlook. He is buried in the Abbey. To his words is assigned a traditional German melody harmonized by JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–97), a Hamburger whose music is characterized by a "brooding earnestness" often difficult of popular appreciation.

THERE 'S heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendour-proof
I keep the brood of stars aloof.

2 For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.

3 I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as he has always smiled ;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me his child.

4. God, whom I praise : how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on his ways,
And bargain for his love, and stand,
Paying a price, at his right hand !

26 [207] TWELFTH WEEK

The author of these words, slightly altered, was ANNE BRONTË (1820–49), born at Thornton, near Bradford, the youngest of the well-known group of sisters. She was privately educated and became a governess. "Frequent dependence upon coarse employers seems to have been the source of much misery." The tune *St. Michael* (*Old 134th*) [350] is adapted from the *Psalter* of THOMAS ESTE (1540 ?–1608 ?), a London publisher. *Llanllyfni* is a melody by JOHN JONES (1796–1857), son of a Tanycastell farmer and a popular preacher.

BELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.

2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy ;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

3 Arm—arm thee for the fight !
Cast useless loads away ;
Watch through the darkest hours of night ;
Toil through the hottest day.

4 To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above
And keep thy conscience pure,—

5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight?

6. If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest.

27 [311]

EMILY JANE BRONTË (1818–48) was, like her sister (v. No. 26), born at Thornton, near Bradford, and, also, privately educated. Her life was, like that of Anne, overcast. Anne and Emily are less famous than their sister Charlotte; but critics are not lacking who rate *Wuthering Heights* more highly than *Jane Eyre*. Jespersen has acclaimed this as one of the world's greatest poems. The tune *Glynthorpe* is by Mr. GEOFFREY TURTON SHAW (v. No. 12).

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

2 O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

3 Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

4 To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

5 With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

6 Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee.

7. There is not room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—thou art Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

THIRTEENTH WEEK

(*Approach to Christmas.*)

28 [377]

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905) was born at Huntly, W. Aberdeen, a descendant of a Glencoe refugee. He studied at the University of Aberdeen. He is well known as a poet and novelist. This tune is taken from the *University of Wales Students' Hymnal*, 1923.

THEY all were looking for a king
To slay their foes, and lift them high:
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

2 O son of man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail!

3. My fancied ways why should'st thou heed?
Thou com'st down thine own secret stair;
Com'st down to answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer!

29 [199] *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*

These words are by MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546), translated by THOMAS CARLYLE (v. No. 43). The tune is that which Luther used. Luther was born at Eisleben, the son of a smelter. Educated at local schools and Erfurt University, he turned monk and became Professor of Theology at Wittenberg. His challenge to Tetzel, the indulgence seller, his defiance of Papal excommunication, his fearless obedience to citation before the Spanish-tempered emperor of the Germans, at Worms, are the well-known beginnings of a career which, aided by political forces and the Swiss reformers, shook Rome to its centre. Before a generation had passed, that career had given Europe the legacy of Protestantism and forced the Catholicism of the Council of Trent. This was the battle song of the Lutheran rebellion.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ?—his doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4. God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth !

30 [52]

Probably a hymn of the seventeenth or eighteenth century of French or German authorship. The composer is unknown, although JOHN READING (1677–1764), sometime organist at Lincoln, and later a London musician, is the likely musician.

ADESTE, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes ;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem :

Natum videte
Regem Angelorum :
Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 En grege relicto,
Humiles ad cunas,
Vocati pastores approperant.
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3 Stella duce, Magi
Christum adorantes,
Aurem, thus, et myrrham dant munera.
Jesu infanti
Corda praebeamus :
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4 Cantet nunc hymnos,
Chorus Angelorum ;
Cantet nunc aula celestium :
Gloria
In excelsis Deo !
Venite adoremus Dominum.

5. Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria :
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum !
Venite adoremus Dominum.

31 [50]

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830–94) was born in London, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Her fame rests on *Goblin Market* and other poems. These simple lines are set to music by Mr. GUSTAV HOLST (v. No. 19).

IN the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk,
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

4 Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air :
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss.

5. What can I give him,
Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb ;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part ;
Yet what I can I give him—
Give my heart.

III

SECOND TERM OF SCHOOL YEAR

(32–58)

The hymns for this Term are arranged for thirteen even ' Monday to Saturday ' weeks. Nos. 54 and 48 are recommended for use during a broken period preceding the first Monday in term. If the Term be less than thirteen full-weeks, the hymns for the tenth or eleventh or twelfth week can be omitted.

32 [240]

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800) was born at Great Berkhampstead, was educated at Westminster and became a barrister. Intermittent insanity affected him ; indeed it was the consciousness of the imminence of an attack that led to the penning of these lines at Olney, 1773 (?). He is sure of a place among our poets. The tune, *London New*, comes through the *Psalms* of JOHN PLAYFORD (1623–*c.* 1710) adapted from the *Scottish Psalter* of 1635.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

33 [298] *Epiphany*

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (1610–43), the author of these lines, belonged to a Cornish family. Educated at Exeter College, Oxford, he entered Parliament, and, a young man, fell on Charles's side. Hobbes had a real regard for him. The tune *St. Venantius* is a Rouen Church melody.

LORD, when the wise men came from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star,
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walked safely, though their light was less.

2 Wise men in tracing Nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest cause :
Though wise men better know the way,
It seems no honest heart can stray.

3 And since no creature comprehends
The Cause of causes, End of ends,
He who himself vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his Creator so.

4. There is no merit in the wise
But love, the shepherds' sacrifice :
Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
To the shepherd's wonder came at last.

SECOND WEEK

34 [379]

These stanzas are by Dr. PERCY DEARMER (v. No. 13) and are given a tune which MARTIN LUTHER (v. No. 29) used for his verses "Nun freut euch, lieben Christengemein". Luther's hymn is too doctrinal for ordinary use.

THOU Judge by whom each Empire fell,
When pride of power o'ercame it,
Convict us now, if we rebel,
Our nation judge, and shame it :

In each sharp crisis, Lord, appear,
Forgive, and show our duty clear—
To serve thee by repentance.

2 Search, Lord, our spirits in thy sight,
In best and worst reveal us ;
Shed on our souls a blaze of light,
And judge, that thou may'st heal us :
The present be our Judgement Day,
When each man's sin thou dost survey—
Show us ourselves and save us !

3. Lo, fearing naught we come to thee
Though by our sins confounded ;
Though selfish, mean, and base are we,
Thy justice is unbounded,
So large, it naught but love requires,
And, judging, pardons, frees, inspires.
Deliver us from evil !

35 [271]

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH (1824–1908), the writer, was at his death senior minister of the United Free High Church in Edinburgh. His words are sung to a Welsh hymn melody *St. Denio*.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might ;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life thou givest—to both great and small
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree;
And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.

4. Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine Angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

THIRD WEEK

36 [309]

HENRY VAUGHAN, the Silurist (1622–1695) (so called from the place of his birth), was born at Newton-by-Usk, Llansaintfraed, Brecknock, and educated at Jesus College, Oxford. His *Retreat* influenced the composition of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. It could, perhaps, be maintained that he, at his best, is the most chastely mystical of all our poets. A certain melody, *Christus der ist mein Leben*, by MELCHIOR VULPIUS (1560–1616), born at Wasingen (Henneberg) and a composer at Weimar, was adapted by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685–1750), a native of Eisenach, "to whom", says Schumann, "music owes almost as great a debt as religion owes to its founder". This melody, so adapted, is put to Vaughan's words.

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

2 There above noise, and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

3 He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul, awake !—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

4 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

5. Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

37 [191]

These words are by the Rev. FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (1840–), who was born at Framlingham (Mass.) and educated at Harvard. A Unitarian minister, he has added many hymns to the language. The tune *Ewing* (119) is by ALEXANDER EWING (1830–95), an Aberdonian. The tune *Wohlauf, thut nicht verzagen* is by BARTHOLOMÄUS HELDER (1585–1635), who was born in Gotha, became a schoolmaster and, later, pastor at Remstedt.

O BEAUTIFUL, my country ! *
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to cherish
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair freedom's open door.

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.

* We sing of England ; Hosmer wrote of America.

Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3. O beautiful, our country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

FOURTH WEEK

38 [353]

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–88) was an eighteenth child, born at Epworth, Lincs., and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He formed the group of 'Methodist' students at Oxford of which his brother assumed leadership. He travelled to Georgia and returned destined to play an important part in the great Methodist Movement. He compiled over 6,000 hymns. To these lines the tune *Milites* is given. It is adapted from the melody set to these words in *Harmonia Sacra*, a collection of church music by JOHN PAGE (?–1812), who was associated with St. Paul's.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son ;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6. That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

39 [177]

Mr. GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874–) is a Londoner and was educated at St. Paul's. He is a brilliant Catholic controversialist. *King's Lynn*, the tune to his words, is a traditional English melody.

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

2 From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

3. Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

FIFTH WEEK

40 [390]

Words by HENRY VAUGHAN (v. No. 36) are here given the tune *Melrose* from the *Scottish Psalter* of 1635.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.

2 He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

3 The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade :
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

4. Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

41 [307]

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–64) was born in London and became a Roman Catholic at the age of 26. Her lines, slightly altered, take the tune *St. Briavels* by Mr. HERBERT NORMAN HOWELLS (1892–), who was educated at the Royal College of Music where he now holds a professorship.

MY God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That on the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4. I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they reach
The last and best.

SIXTH WEEK

42 [255] *Pilgrim Song*

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–88) was born at Elstow, Bedford, and, never going to school, began to work at his father's trade of tinker. He served as a Parliamentarian soldier, acquired a reputation for profanity, turned Independent preacher and endured, off and on, light persecution. If he had never given the world *Pilgrim's Progress*, he would still have had sure claim to literary fame. To these words, from the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* (somewhat altered), a tune *Monks Gate*, adapted from a traditional English melody, is given.

HE who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

3. Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

43 [438]

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881) was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. He passed from the village school to Annan Grammar School and thence to Edinburgh University—tramping the hundred miles to his first term! As soon as schoolmastering became intolerable, he turned to literature; and the measure of his tenacity is made clear by the fact that, when John Stuart Mill accidentally burnt the MS. of the first volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, the author, still an almost unknown writer of nearly forty, retackled the task. Historian and essayist, his stark, unconventional Germanic genius is universally recognized. These unusually simple lines take a traditional English melody for tune.

SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

2 Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

3 Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

4. Here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

SEVENTH WEEK

44 [181]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840–93), who wrote these words, was born in Bristol and educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. A life-long invalid, he died at Rome and rests besides Shelley. He has the gift of description. *Winchester New* [84] is an adaptation from *Musikalisches Handbuch* 1690, Hamburg. The tune *Dies Irae* is by JOSEPH PARRY (1841–1903), born at Merthyr Tydvil, of poor parents, but, although working at the puddling furnaces at the age of ten, ending his life as a Mus. Doc. and Aberystwyth professor.

THESE things shall be ! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

3 They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

4 Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free :
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

5 Woman shall be man's mate and peer
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless, sacred motherhood.

6. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

45 [178]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–91) was born at Cambridge (Mass.) and graduated at Harvard. He was, in turn, University professor and Ambassador and ranks as an American poet. His words are sung to *Hyfrydol* [140], an arrangement of a melody by ROWLAND HUGH PRICHARD (1811–87).

ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4. Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

EIGHTH WEEK

46 [357]

ALFRED, first Baron TENNYSON (1809–92), was born at Somersby and educated at Louth Grammar School, privately, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. These lines will be recognized as taken from *In Memoriam*. His remains rest in the Abbey, and the fame his contemporaries accorded him (though they valued him too much as a mellifluous poet and too little as critic and seer) will scarcely dim with time. ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583–1625), the composer of *Song* 5, was born at Cambridge, held musical degrees of both Universities and was sometime organist at the Chapel Royal. He is foremost among the great seventeenth-century English composers. *Wareham* is by WILLIAM KNAPP (1698–1768), born at Wareham, Dorset, and long a parish clerk at Poole.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

4. Our little systems have their day:
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

47 [386]

These words are by the Rev. FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (v. No. 37). The tune is a melody from *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, Dublin.

THY kingdom come! on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed ;

5. When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad ;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God

NINTH WEEK

48 [418] *Nun danket alle Gott*

MARTIN RINKART (1586–1649) was born, a cooper's son, in Eilenburg, Prussian Saxony, and educated at Leipzig. A pastor and composer, most of his life was spent in his native place which, being a walled city in the area devastated by the Thirty Years' War, suffered severely from the pestilences that follow overcrowding. He was a broken man before the Peace of Westphalia came, and there is no authority for attributing the inspiration of this hymn to the rejoicing of that season. Ecclesiasticus 50. 22–4, and the *Gloria Patri* are here paraphrased. This German *Te Deum* was translated by Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1827–78), who was born in London and associated with the governance of the Redmaids' and Clifton High Schools, Bristol, as well as with Cheltenham Ladies' College. The tune is as old as the words.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

49 [352]

The author, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819–61), was born at Liverpool and educated at King's School, Chester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford. As a poet he misses the highest eminence, but, for his sincerity, is sure of lasting appreciation. The tune *Essex* is a traditional English melody.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

2 If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

3 For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

4. And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

TENTH WEEK

50 [284]

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND (1847–1918) was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He died Regius Professor of Divinity in his University. *Oriel* [105], the tune to his words, is from *Cantica Sacra* by CASPAR ETT (1788–1847), born in Bavaria, an organist at Munich. *Rhuddlan*, an alternative tune, is a Welsh traditional melody.

JUDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgement
Purge this realm of bitter things:
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release:
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3. Crown, O God, thine own endeavour :
Cleave our darkness with thy sword :
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word :
Cleanse the body of this Empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

51 [322]

These words are by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (v. No. 11). The tune *Walsall* is attributed to HENRY PURCELL (1658–95), born in London, so justly famous as a composer "for the church, the theatre, and the chamber" that he may be called "the most original and extraordinary musical genius that our country has produced".

O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

2 Thou judgest us ; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them ;

3 Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
And naked to thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

5 To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong ;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6 Who hates, hates thee ; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied :
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

7. Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

ELEVENTH WEEK

52 [228]

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (1840–1904) was born in Marblehead (Mass.), and was a Unitarian minister. The tune is *Song* 1, by ORLANDO GIBBONS (v. No. 46).

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way ;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day ;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee

2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son ;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one :
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend ;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

4. O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

53 [392]

CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722–71) was born at Shipbourne, Kent, and educated at Maidstone Grammar School, Durham School and Pembroke College, Cambridge. A Fellow of his college, 'Kit Smart' became a "wretched bookseller's hack with his mind thrown off its balance by poverty and drink". These altered lines, part of his *Song of David*, Browning says, place him "for once on either hand With Milton and with Keats". The *Song*, there is reason to believe, was composed as a scrawl on the walls of the Royal Bethlehem (Bedlam) Hospital, in which, believed to be suffering from religious mania, he was twice unwisely confined. The tune is *Magdalen College* by WILLIAM HAYES (1707–77), who was born at Gloucester. For a while he was organist at Worcester, but transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford and obtained the Professorship of Music in the University.

WE sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends,
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

2 Glorious the sun in mid career,
Glorious the assembled fires appear,
Glorious the comet's train,
Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
Glorious the almighty stretched-out arm,
Glorious the enraptured main.

3 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill,
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

4 Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes :
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail ;
Strong against tide the enormous whale,
Emerges as he goes ;

5. But stronger still—in earth and air,
And in the sea—the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

54 [331]

JOHN STERLING (1806–44) was born at Kaimes Castle, Bute, of Irish parents. He was educated chiefly at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a poet. Carlyle wrote his biography and made him unduly famous. These words receive the tune *Montgomery*, attributed to W. CHAMPNESS in Chapman's *Musical Companion*, 1772.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this,—
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5. Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

55 [329]

These words are by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (v. No. 11). The tune is *Illsley* by JOHN BISHOP (1665–1737), awhile organist at Winchester School and then at the Cathedral, Winchester.

O SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4. Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there.
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

THIRTEENTH WEEK

(Palm Sunday, Passiontide)

56 [330]

These lines are by Mr. FRANK FLETCHER (1870–), who was educated at Rossall and Balliol College, Oxford, and is now head master of Charterhouse. The tune *Londonderry* is a traditional Irish melody.

O SON of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.

2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth.

3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

4. Not in our failures only and our sadness,
We seek thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man's guest, be with us in our gladness!
O poor man's mate, our lowliest tasks attend!

57 [367]

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT (1840–1923) was born at Boston, Mass., and educated at Harvard. He was a Unitarian minister. The tune is a Melody in *Drei schöne neue geistliche Lieder*, München, 1637.

THE Lord is in his holy place
In all things near and far!
Shekinah of the snowflake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the fields to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.

2 He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed;

He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long—
We lose him not, unsought.

3. Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holy knows
No tread, no touch of hand;
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, 'Thy will be done!'
Lies all Gethsemane.

58 [71]

JAMES MARTINEAU (1805–1900) was born in Norwich and educated at Norwich School and elsewhere. He made for himself a unique place in English Unitarianism and the honorary doctorates of five Universities attested his repute as a philosopher. *Babylon's Streams* is by THOMAS CAMPION (1567–1619), a fine lyric poet who gave much thought to the musical setting of his poems.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
'O Father, take this cup away!'

2 Ah, thou, who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth for all her children saith,
'O God, take *not* this cup away!'

3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise :
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When faith unarmed uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth ! the cross ascend :
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne ;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

6. Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray :
Make but one fold below, above ;
And when we go the last lone way,
O, give the welcome of thy love !

IV

THIRD TERM OF SCHOOL YEAR

(59–86)

The hymns for this Term are arranged for thirteen even 'Monday to Saturday' weeks. Nos. 84 and 82 are recommended for use during a broken period preceding the first Monday in Term. The hymns for the sixth and eighth weeks, q. v., may have to be taken out of order. If the Term be less than thirteen full weeks the hymns for the eleventh or twelfth week can be omitted.

59 [420]

The author of this hymn is not known. It is inspired by Psalm 148. Some copies of *Psalms . . . of the Foundling Hospital*, London, 1796, have the first known impression pasted in them. The tune is *Austrian Hymn* [238], by FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732–1809), born of Slav descent, a wheelwright's son, at Rohrau, Austria. He knew the hardship of a garret, gained fame and now is "justly called the father of instrumental music".

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

2. Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

60 [13]

JOHN AUSTIN (1613–69) was born at Walpole, Norfolk, and educated at Sleaford Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge. He became a lawyer; but his fame is that of a Catholic writer. The tune *Lyne* set here to his words is from *Magdalen Hymns*, *c.* 1760.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Wake! for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake! and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

6. Call whole nature to thy aid;
Since 'twas he whole nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

61 [417]

JOHN MILTON (1608–74) was born in London and educated at St. Paul's and Christ's College, Cambridge. Having produced the 'Horton' poems he toured Italy. Then, returning, he plunged into social and political controversy. Unparalleled prose and some unworthy invective mark the long period preceding the writing of that supreme epic *Paradise Lost*, which places him with Dante and Homer where peers are few. These selected lines, based on Psalm 136, take the tune *Monkland*, of unknown origin.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God :

3 He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light :

4 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run :

5 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright :

6 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :

7. Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :

62 [16]

THOMAS KEN (1637–1711) was born at Berkhampstead and educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. His early career centred around Winchester and The Hague. Charles II made him bishop of Bath and Wells—perhaps because Ken had denounced him! Ken accompanied Monmouth on the scaffold and alleviated the sufferings that followed Sedgemoor. He was one of the Seven Bishops. James considered him the finest Protestant preacher. He is best described as 'the saintly Ken'. These words, like those of [30], are part of a hymn written for use in Winchester School. The tune *Morning Hymn* here set for stanzas 1–4 and stanza 7 is by FRANÇOIS HIPPOLYTE BARTHÉLÉMON (1741–1808), a Frenchman who worked chiefly in England. Stanzas 5–6 take *Tallis' Canon* [30] by THOMAS TALLYS (or Tallis) (*c.* 1515–85), "the father of English Cathedral music", who held appointment at the Chapel Royal from Henry VIII's to Elizabeth's reign.

Begin with tune 16

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last:
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 By influence of the Light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Change to tune 30

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Back to tune 16

7. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

63 [396]

These stanzas are by Dr. PERCY DEARMER (v. No. 13), and were written for the tune *Calvary* by SAMUEL STANLEY (1767–1822), who was precentor at Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham.

WHEN by fear my heart is daunted,
Thou dost hold me in thy hand ;
Prayerless, anxious, vainly haunted,
Thou dost make my courage stand :
Foolish worries, fretting troubles
Melt away at thy command.

2 God, thou art unfailing treasure,
Refuge thou, and faithful friend ;
Thy resources none can measure
Nought thy steadfastness can bend.
Life and light and love immortal,
Firmly we on thee depend.

3. Held by love, to peace I win me,
Confident whate'er betide ;
Safe in hope, thy spirit in me,
With the eternal power I hide ;
Strength and health are mine and valour,—
Gaily over care I ride !

THIRD WEEK

64 [20]

JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866) went from a clerical home in Gloucestershire to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, achieved high academic distinction and became the author of the *Christian Year*. He preached the famous Assize Sermon in 1833 which, Newman says, started the Oxford Movement. The tune *Melcombe* is by SAMUEL WEBBE the elder, 1740–1816, a London composer once apprenticed to a cabinet maker.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5. Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

65 [5] *May Carol*

The words are by Dr. PERCY DEARMER (v. No. 13), written for the music of a traditional May-Day carol.

THE winter's sleep was long and deep,
But earth is awakened and gay ;
For the life ne'er dies that from God doth rise,
And the green comes after the grey.

2* So God doth bring the world to spring ;
And on this holy day
Doth the Church proclaim her Apostles' fame,
To welcome the first of May.

3 Two Saints of God went by the road
That leadeth on to light ;
And they gave up all at their Master's call,
To work in their Master's sight.

4 Would Philip's mind the Father find ?
Lo, he hath found the Way ;
For to know the Son is to know the One
Whom the earth and the heavens obey.

5 And, James, 'twas thine by grace divine
To preach the Christian life,
Where our faith is shown by our works alone,
And love overcometh strife.

6. Lord, grant that we may brethren be—
As Christians live in deed ;
For it is but so we can learn to know
The truth that to thee doth lead.

FOURTH WEEK

66 [216]

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1822–82), the author of these words, was born at Salem (Mass.) and educated at Harvard. He stands "associated in the public mind with the Unitarians". *Richmond*, the magnificent tune, reaches us through THOMAS HAWEIS (1734–1820), a well-known Anglican divine of marked Methodist tendencies, and SAMUEL WEBBE the younger, a Liverpool organist (1770–1843).

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent ;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth !

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

5. In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands :
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

67 [3]

These words are by CHRISTOPHER SMART (v. No. 53). *Shanghai* is an adapted Chinese melody.

ALL the scenes of nature quicken,
By the genial spirit fanned ;
And the painted beauties thicken,
Coloured by the Master's hand ;

2 Earth her vigour repossessing,
As the blasts are held in ward,
Blessing heaped and pressed on blessing,
Yield the measure of the Lord.

3 Beeches without order seemly
Shade the flowers of annual birth,
And the lily smiles supremely,
Mentioned by the Lord on earth.

4 Cowslips seize upon the fallow,
And the cardamine in white,
Where the cornflowers join the mallow,
Joy and health and thrift unite.

5 Hark ! aloud the blackbird whistles,
With surrounding fragrance blest,
And the goldfinch in the thistles
Makes provision for her nest.

6. Prayer and praise be mine employment
Without grudging or regret :
Lasting life and long enjoyment
Are not here, and are not yet.

68 [202]

This famous rendering of the 100th Psalm is found printed in the *English Psalter* issued at Geneva in 1561, in the rare *Psalter* printed by John Daye, 1561, and in the *English Psalter* of 1562, afterwards called the *Old Version* (v. No. 72), the great work of Sternhold and Hopkins which obtained a circulation beyond that of any book apart from the "Bible" and "Book of Common Prayer". [THOMAS STERNHOLD (–1549) was either a Southampton or Awre, Gloucestershire, man, who, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, became a favourite groom of the robes to Henry VIII. His work was continued by JOHN HOPKINS (–1570), who, educated at Oxford, became a schoolmaster and, later, rector of Great Waldingfield, Suffolk.] These words can with confidence be assigned to WILLIAM KETHE (1608 ?), who was probably a Scotchman, in exile till 1561, when he became rector of Okeford Superior, in Dorset. The tune is from the *Genevan Psalter* of 1552 and is presumed to be the work of LOUIS BOURGEOIS, a Parisian (*c.* 1510–*c.* 1560), who was, for a time, associated with Calvin. He reformed the notation of music. The customary doxology to this hymn is a later addition.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

69 [164] *Commemoration*

These words are by HENRY VAUGHAN (v. No. 36). The tune *Fanad Head* is a traditional Irish melody harmonized by Dr. CHARLES HERBERT KITSON (1874–), born at Leyburn, Yorkshire, and educated at Ripon School and Selwyn College, Cambridge, organist at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and Professor of Music, University College, Dublin.

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

2 I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

3 Dear beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
Could man outlook that mark !

4 And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep ;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

5. O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

70 [364] *Ascension*

These words are by THOMAS KELLY (1769–1854), who was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He left London and the Bar to take holy orders; but, seceding from the Established Church in Ireland, preached infrequently. The tune *St. Magnus* (*Nottingham*) is by JEREMIAH CLARK (1670–1707), once organist at Winchester College and, later, an associate organist with Croft at the Abbey (v. No. 14).

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6. The Cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

71 [175]

These lines are by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (v. No. 45) and take a melody from *Plymouth Collection* (U.S.A.), 1855.

MEN ! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free !

3. They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

72 [383]

These words are taken from the rendering of Psalm 34 in Tate and Brady's *New Version* of the *Old Psalter* of 1562. NAHUM TATE (1652–1715) was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became poet-laureate to William III. NICHOLAS BRADY (1659–1726) was born in Co. Cork and educated at Westminster School, Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. Brady was a notable divine. The tune *Wiltshire* is by Sir GEORGE THOMAS SMART (1776–1867), a Londoner with much musical work to his credit.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamped around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

[6. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.]

73 [424]

These words are by Miss LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE (1856–), who was born at Baltimore, Maryland, of Welsh and Southern German extraction. She has been a schoolmistress and has written much verse. The music is by Mr. GEOFFREY TURTON SHAW (v. No. 12).

GLAD that I live am I;
That the sky is blue
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

2 After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

3. All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

EIGHTH WEEK

(Empire Day. May 24th.)

74 [186]

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–) was born in Bombay, but educated in England. He has a long list of verse and prose to his credit. This, the *Recessional*, was contributed to *The Times* after the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, 1897. The tune *Llangoedmor* [409] is a Welsh melody harmonized by Dr. DAVID EVANS (v. No. 13). *Folkingham* is from the *Supplement* to the *New Version*, 1708 (v. No. 72), of which WILLIAM CROFT was editor (v. No. 14).

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

75 [230]

For author, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, see preceding hymn. The tune is by MORFYDD OWEN—Mrs. ERNEST JONES (1892–1918), who was born at Treforest and studied at University College, Cardiff, and the Royal Academy of Music, London. Her death at 26 was a great loss to music.

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

FATHER in Heaven who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6. Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

NINTH WEEK

76 [402]

The words (altered) are by PHILIP DODDRIDGE (v. No. 24), set to a tune *St. Edmund* by EDMUND GILDING (–1782).

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

77 [285]

These words are by GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633), who was born at Montgomery Castle (brother of the first baron Herbert of Cherbury) and educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He obtained the Public Oratorship at his University. Coming under the influence of Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, he moved so far towards taking orders that Laud at length prevailed on him to be ordained. His devotion is marked; his poetry uneven. The tune *Gwalchmai* is by J. D. JONES (1827–70).

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me ;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3. Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee ;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee :
E'en eternity 's too short
To extol thee.

TENTH WEEK

78 [319]

This is a version of Psalm 90. The author is ISAAC WATTS (v. No. 8), his words slightly altered. The tune *St. Anne* is to be found first in *Supplement* to the *New Version*, 1708 edition. Probably WILLIAM CROFT wrote this tune and named it after the parish of St. Anne's, Westminster, in which he was then organist (v. Nos. 14 and 74). The fa-burden is by Mr. MARTIN SHAW (v. No. 23).

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

79 [440] *Spring*

These words by ROBERT BROWNING (v. No. 25), from *Pippa Passes*, are set to *Bamberg*, a 17th-century melody adapted to them.

THE year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn ;
God 's in his heaven—
All 's right with the world !

80 [304] *The Battle Song*

JULIA HOWE, *née* Ward (1819–1910), was born in New York. These lines were occasioned by the American Civil War of 1861, being written in 1861 at the sight of troops marching to the battle area. The well-known *John Brown's Body*, an adapted melody, is possibly by W. STEFFE. The other tune is by Mr. MARTIN SHAW (v. No. 23).

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible swift sword :
His Truth is marching on.

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps ;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps :
His Day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel :
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on.'

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgement-seat ;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

6. He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of time his slave:
Our God is marching on.

81 [422]

These words are by GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667) and are based on Psalm 148. The poet was born at Bentworth, near Alton, Hants, and proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford. His life was spent chiefly in London, and a great output flowed from his quarrelsome pen. Wither was more than once in prison; and soldiered first for Charles and then for Parliament. His lyrics are his best work; but he has a place in the history of hymnology. *Darwall's 148th* [401], by Rev. JOHN DARWALL (1731–89), born at Haughton (Staffs.), is the tune; or *Croft's 136th* [422] (v. No. 14).

THE Lord of Heaven confess;
On high his glory raise:
Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.

Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars;
Ye higher spheres,
And cloudy sky.

2 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps,
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall;
Beasts wild and tame.

3. O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky;
For he his saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high;
Yea, they that are
Of Israel's race,
Are in his grace
And ever dear.

82 TWELFTH WEEK

JOSIAH CONDER (1789–1855) was born in London, left school at thirteen, and entered his father's bookselling business. He was a Congregationalist, assiduous in literary work. These words are given the tune *Arabia* (v. No. 15).

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh:

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain ;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
Thy path, the trackless main ;

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim :
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honour of thy Name,
The wonders of thy ways :
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?

5. O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast ;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his Spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite !
And make thy creature blest.

83

GEORGE MATHESON (1842–1906) was born in Glasgow. Though he lost his eyesight in youth, he persevered at Glasgow Academy and graduated at the University of his native city. He entered the Presbyterian ministry and exercised no small influence in a liberal direction. He received doctorates of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Mr. MICHAEL MULLINAR (1897–), the composer of the tune, was born at Bangor and educated at Friars' School and the Royal College of Music. He is a Birmingham musician. [For tune see Appendix No. 2].

GATHER us in, thou Love that fillest all !
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold !
Rend each man's temple-veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that thou hast been of old ;
Gather us in.

2 Gather us in : we worship only thee ;
In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
In diverse forms a common soul we see ;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land ;
Gather us in.

3 Each sees one colour of thy rainbow-light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight ;
We are not perfect till we find the seven ;
Gather us in.

4 Thine is the mystic life great India craves,
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam,
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream ;
Gather us in.

5 Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride,
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves,

Thine is Judaea's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves;
Gather us in.

6. Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
Some ask a human image to adore,
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love:
Within thy mansions we have all and more;
Gather us in.

THIRTEENTH WEEK

84

A selection from a rendering of Psalm 18 by THOMAS STERNHOLD appearing first in Daye's *Psalter* (v. No. 68). The tune *Abridge* [62] is by ISAAC SMITH, a London composer (–c. 1800).

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
of force I must love thee.
Thou art my castle and defence
in my necessity!

2* My God, my rock in whom I trust,
the worker of my health,
My refuge, buckler and my shield,
the horn of all my wealth!

3* When I sing laud unto the Lord,
most worthy to be serv'd,
Then from my foes I am right sure
that I shall be preserv'd.

4 The pangs of death did compass me,
and bow me everywhere;
The flowing waves of wickedness
did put me in great fear;

5* The sly and subtle snares of hell
were round about my feet ;
And for my life there was prepar'd
a deadly trapping net.

6 I, thus beset with pain and grief,
did pray to God for grace ;
And he forthwith heard my complaint
out of his holy place.

7 The Lord descended from above
and bow'd the heavens high.
And, underneath his feet, he cast
the darkness of the sky ;

8 On Cherubs and on Cherubims
full royally he rode,
And, on the wings of mighty winds
came flying all abroad ;

9* And, like a den most dark, he made
his hid and secret place ;
With waters black and airy clouds
encompasséd he was.

10* The fiery darts and thunderbolts
disperse them here and there ;
And with his often lightenings
he puts them in great fear.

11 And me deliver'd from my foes
that fought me to inthrall ;
Yea, from such foes as were too strong
for me to deal withall !

12. O God, my strength and fortitude,
of force I must love thee !
Thou art my castle and defence
in my necessity !

* Omit these stanzas if necessary

85

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852) was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College there. He became Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. The office was a sinecure and he returned to England. When the defalcation of his deputy in Bermuda caused him serious trouble, he went abroad. He was intimate with Byron. His poetry has a 'minstrel' strain. These lines receive the tune *Surrey* [368] by HENRY CAREY (–1743), probably a son of the famous Marquis of Halifax. He taught music in boarding schools and worked for the stage.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4. When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;—
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

86 ♩

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE (1824–97) was born at Gt. Yarmouth and educated at Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford. He was some time Professor of Poetry at Oxford and his *Golden Treasury* is a household book. These stanzas are sung to the tune *Selma* [208] an adapted Arran melody by ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH (v. No. 10).

THOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me':
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see,
Thy blessèd face one moment's space;
Then might we follow thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

4 Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

5 Ah, sense-bound heart and blind !
Is nought but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true ;
Can we not follow thee ?

6. Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be :
Set up thy throne within thine own :—
Go, Lord : we follow thee.

INDEX

N.B. The numbers for Words and Tunes in the Music Edition of *Songs of Praise* can be found by reference to the heading of a given hymn in the Book. It should be noted that the tune or tunes assigned to certain words are not identical with the tune or tunes accompanying those words in *Songs of Praise*.

First Line	*No.*	*Author*	*Tune*	*Composer*
Adeste, fideles,	30	Unknown	Adeste Fideles	John Reading (?)
All hail the power of Jesu's name	20	E. Perronet	Miles Lane	W. Shrubsole
All people that on earth do dwell	68	W. Kethe	Old Hundredth	*Genevan Psalter.* Louis Bourgeois (?)
All the scenes of nature quicken,	67	C. Smart	Shanghai	Unknown
And did those feet in ancient time	18	W. Blake	Jerusalem	C. H. H. Parry
A safe stronghold our God is still	29	Martin Luther. *Tr.* T. Carlyle	Ein' feste Burg	Martin Luther (?)
A voice upon the midnight air	58	J. Martineau	Babylon's Streams	T. Campion
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.	62	T. Ken	Morning Hymn (for Stanzas 1–4 and 7)	F. H. Barthélémon
			Tallis's Canon (for Stanzas 5–6)	T. Tallys
			St. Michael (Old 134th)	*Este's Psalter*
Believe not those who say	26	Anne Brontë	Llanllyfni	J. Jones
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,	82	J. Conder	Arabia	W. Wilson (?)

First Line	*No.*	*Author*	*Tune*	*Composer*
City of God, how broad and far	66	S. Johnson	Richmond	T. Haweis and S. Webbe (the younger)
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	11	J. G. Whittier	Regina	Traditional
Dismiss me not thy service, Lord	15	T. T. Lynch	Arabia	W. Wilson (?)
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	52	J. W. Chadwick	Song 1	O. Gibbons
Father in Heaven who lovest all	75	Rudyard Kipling	Richard	Morfydd Owen
For all the Saints who from their	16	W. W. How	Sine Nomine	R. Vaughan Williams
For those we love within the veil,	17	W. Charter Piggott	Es Ist Kein Tag	J. Meyer's *Seelenfreud*, 1692
Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all !	83	G. Matheson	Billesley	M. Mullinar
Glad that I live am I	73	L. W. Reese	Water-End	Geoffrey T. Shaw
God moves in a mysterious way	32	W. Cowper	London New	*Scottish Psalter*, 1635 and J. Playford
God of our fathers, known of old,	74	Rudyard Kipling	Llangoedmor	Welsh hymn melody harmonized by D. Evans
			Folkingham	From the *Supplement to the New Version*, 1708
God save our gracious King,	1	Unknown	National Anthem	Unknown
Hark, my soul, how everything	60	John Austin	Lyne	*Magdalen Hymns* (*c.* 1760)

Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,	24	P. Doddridge	Bristol	*Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1621
He who would valiant be	42	J. Bunyan	Monks Gate	Traditional
How happy is he born and taught,	5	H. Wotton	Llangollen	Welsh hymn melody
Immortal, invisible, God only wise,	35	W. Chalmers Smith	St. Denio	Welsh hymn melody
In the bleak mid-winter	31	C. G. Rossetti	Cranham	G. Holst
I vow to thee, my country	19	C. Spring-Rice	Thaxted	G. Holst
Jerusalem, my happy home,	22	F.B.P. Based on St. Augustine	Jackson St. Austin	T. Jackson Traditional
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	8	I. Watts	Truro	*Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790
Jesu, the very thought of Thee	10	St. Bernard of Clairvaux. *Tr.* by E. Caswall	Martyrdom	From *Sacred Music*, R. A. Smith
Judge eternal, throned in splendour	50	H. Scott Holland	Oriel Rhuddlan	C. Ett Traditional (Welsh)
King of glory, King of peace,	77	G. Herbert	Gwalchmai	J. D. Jones
Land of our birth, we pledge to thee	75	Rudyard Kipling	Richard	Morfydd Owen
Lead, kindly light,	6	J. H. Newman	Lux Benigna Gorran	J. B. Dykes R. Dussek
Let us, with a gladsome mind,	61	J. Milton	Monkland	Origin unknown. Arranged by J. Wilkes
Lord, behold us with thy blessing,	2	H. J. Buckoll	Grafton	French Traditional

First Line	*No.*	*Author*	*Tune*	*Composer*
Lord, when the wise men came from far,	33	S. Godolphin	St. Venantius	Rouen Church melody
Men ! whose boast it is that ye	71	J. Russell Lowell	Ives	Melody from *Plymouth Collection* (U.S.A.)
Mine eyes have seen the glory of	80	J. Howe	John Brown's Body	Possibly by W. Steffe
			Battle Song	Martin Shaw
My God, I thank Thee who hast made	41	A. A. Procter	St. Briavel's	H. N. Howells
My soul, there is a country	36	H. Vaughan	Christus der ist mein Leben	Melody by Melchior Vulpius. Adapted by J. S. Bach
New every morning is the love	64	J. Keble	Melcombe	S. Webbe (the elder)
No coward soul is mine	27	Emily Brontë	Glynthorpe	Geoffrey T. Shaw
Now thank we all our God	48	M. Rinkart. *Tr.* by Catherine Winkworth	Nun danket	Arranged by J. Crüger
O beautiful, my country !	37	F. L. Hosmer	Ewing	A. Ewing
			Wohlauf, thut nicht verzagen	B. Helder
O God, my strength and fortitude,	84	T. Sternhold	Abridge	I. Smith
O God of earth and altar,	39	G. K. Chesterton	King's Lynn	Traditional
O God, our help in ages past,	78	I. Watts	St. Anne	Probably by W. Croft
			Fa-burden	Martin Shaw

O Lord and Master of us all	51	J. G. Whittier	Walsall	Attributed to H. Purcell
Once to every man and nation	45	J. R. Lowell	Hyfrydol	R. H. Prichard
O sing to the Lord in his greatness,	13	P. Dearmer	Crug-y-Bar	Welsh hymn melody harmonized by D. Evans
O sometimes gleams upon our sight,	55	J. G. Whittier	Illsley	J. Bishop
O son of man, our hero strong	56	F. Fletcher	Londonderry	Traditional (Irish)
O Source divine, and Life of all	54	J. Sterling	Montgomery	Attributed to W. Champness
Our Father, by whose servants	3	G. W. Briggs	Gosterwood	Traditional
			Loughborough	G. W. Briggs
O worship the King	14	R. Grant	Hanover	W. Croft
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;	59	Unknown FoundlingHospital Coll. (1796)	Austrian Hymn	F. J. Haydn
Say not the struggle nought availeth	49	A. H. Clough	Essex	Traditional
So here hath been dawning	43	T. Carlyle	Hardwick	Traditional
Soldiers of Christ, arise,	38	C. Wesley	Milites	Adapted from the melody in *Harmonia Sacra*, 1760, compiled by J. Page
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	46	A. Tennyson	Song 5	O. Gibbons
			Wareham	W. Knapp

First Line	*No.*	*Author*	*Tune*	*Composer*
The day of the Lord is at hand,	21	C. Kingsley	Remember the Poor	Traditional (Irish)
The head that once was crowned	70	T. Kelly	St. Magnus (Nottingham)	J. Clark
The Lord is in his holy place	57	W. C. Gannett	Soll's Sein	*Drei schöne neue geistliche Lieder*, 1637
The Lord of Heaven confess	81	G. Wither	Darwall's 148th Croft's 136th	J. Darwall W. Croft
The night is ended and the morning	23	F. Tennyson	Downshire Hill	Martin Shaw
There 's heaven above, and night by	25	R. Browning	Ich fahr dahin	Traditional, harmonized by J. Brahms
These things shall be ! A loftier race	44	J. A. Symonds	Winchester New	*Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690, Hamburg
			Dies Irae	J. Parry
The winter's sleep was long and deep	65	P. Dearmer	King's Langley	Traditional May-day carol
They all were looking for a king	28	G. MacDonald	Childhood	*University of Wales Students' Hymnal*, 1923
They are all gone into the world of light	69	H. Vaughan	Fanad Head	Traditional (Irish) harmonized by C. H. Kitson
The year 's at the spring	79	R. Browning	Bamberg	17th cent.

Thou art, O God, the life and light	85	T. Moore	Surrey	H. Carey
Thou Judge by whom each Empire fell	34	P. Dearmer	Luther's Hymn (Nun freut euch)	Martin Luther
Thou say'st, ' Take up thy cross,	86	F. T. Palgrave	Selma	Traditional, adapted by R. A. Smith
Through all the changing scenes	72	N. Tate and N. Brady	Wiltshire	G. T. Smart
Thy kingdom come ! on bended knee	47	F. L. Hosmer	Irish	From *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems*, Dublin, 1749
To thee whose eye all nature owns	9	T. Hardy	Deo Gracias	English Melody
Turn back, O man, forswear thy	7	C. Bax	Old 124th	*Genevan Psalter*, 1551
Up to those bright and gladsome hills,	40	H. Vaughan	Melrose	*Scottish Psalter*, 1635
We plough the fields, and scatter	4	M. Claudius. *Tr.* by J. M. Campbell	Wir pflügen	Arranged from J. A. P. Schulz
We sing of God, the mighty source	53	C. Smart	Magdalen College	W. Hayes
When by fear my heart is daunted,	63	P. Dearmer	Calvary	S. Stanley
When I survey the wondrous Cross	12	I. Watts	Rockingham	Adapted by E. Miller
			Fa-burden	Geoffrey T. Shaw
Ye servants of the Lord	76	P. Doddridge	St. Edmund	Adapted by E. Gilding

Printed in England
At the Oxford University Press
By John Johnson
Printer to the University